Passing Glance

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Passing Glance

by Watermelonsmellinfellon

Summary

A passing glance between two unlikely people begins something unexpected on both ends.

Notes

#Hannictober Day 6: Vampires

-The vampires in my fics are alive. Like the ones in Vampire Knight. They eat food and breath. No undead anywhere. So Hannibal is a vampire who drinks blood and eats food(people).

-Inspired by a post on Tumblr.

-Might add more chapters.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Fascination at First Sight by Sirenja

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Hannibal.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

“It’s just coffee. It’s literally only a block away.”

Beverly sighed. “Fine. I suppose there isn't much you could do to the suit in that amount of time. But come right back here. Who knows what Chilton will do if his star model is tarnished in any way.”

“Thanks!”

Will pecked her cheek quickly and headed for the elevator.

Fred & Freddie were some of the best photographers around, but that didn’t make them any less annoying. Will hated having to do business with them, yet it always paid well. Good pay was what made him suck it up.

And today they’d put him in a business suit, in hopes of appealing more to corporate workers.

Will descended the steps outside, glad to have a moment of freedom to himself. At least for a little bit. He was in search of something. He could feel it at the back of his mind. Tingling in a sense.

As he was waiting to cross the street, his gaze landed on a man in the distance. He was clad in a plain, white dress shirt, and a pair of black trousers that had silver checkered signs on them. Flapping behind him was the back of his black trench coat, that hugged his frame nicely.

The man’s head turned slightly, and their eyes met for a second.

Dark Burgundy and Cobalt Blue clashing. Something inside of Will clicked. That feeling suddenly growing sharper.

The man’s cheekbones were striking and Will felt the sudden desire to lick them.

A bus passed between them, and when it was gone the man was nowhere to be seen.

Could Will have imagined him?

No. Not someone that delicious. Not that feeling. Those sudden roiling emotions that had gone from calm to interested within a second of time.

There was something to the strange man.

Hannibal watched the young man look around in frustration, and smirked to himself. When he'd gone out searching for a light snack, he hadn't expected to be handed a full meal as well as… more.

Imprinting the man's face into his brain, Hannibal waited patiently, for him to go about his business.

Getting coffee, and then going back to the large business building where he proceeded to model. The young man walked with purpose. Confidence.

The man's clothes came off piece by piece as the minutes passed, and Hannibal almost purred at the sight of his exposed flesh. Not just his neck, where he would gladly sink his fangs in to draw the boy's life blood. But all of him. His lean frame begging to be taken.

Hannibal would gladly do it.

From across the street, Hannibal was able to see everything going on, as well as hear all of it. The point of entire walls made of windows did not make sense to him. Especially if it allowed him to watch his prey so well. This was how stalkers were made.

Not that Hannibal was a stalker. He was a hunter. There was a difference.

"Graham, make it look like you want the person on the other side of the camera!" the man with the camera ordered, looking frustrated.

'Graham', the model that Hannibal was practically salivating over, rolled his eyes.

Within a second, the attractive man transformed. Not only was he attractive in body, but there was just suddenly something *more* to him. Something that made him come alive in a sense.

Hannibal's perfect eyesight caught how those blue eyes were nearly eclipsed by the pupils. The young man placed a perfectly manicured hand against his throat, and eyed the photographer in such a way that conveyed desire, though not for the man himself. Desire for whatever was roiling about in his mind.

Said man let loose a low whistle. "That is *hot*, go with that!"

Slowly, ever so slowly, 'Graham's' body shifted from pose to pose. Lithe frame bending to and fro and just begging for anyone to come along and possess it.

The women and even some of the men in the room with him, fanned themselves as the photo shoot got progressively more naughty.

Eventually, the man was left in only a pair of red, Y fronts. Hannibal didn't know what kind of photo shoot this was, but he was appreciating it. Dinner and a show, as the saying went.

It was with great sadness for Hannibal at least, when the free show ended. However, it played into his plans to corner the young man when he was alone.

The woman that 'Graham' referred to as 'Bev' was handing him a bag and another coffee.

"You did great!" she told him. "If I was straight I would probably go for you."

The man snorted. "No you wouldn't. I come with too much baggage."

With a shrug, the woman gestured for him to get a move on it. "See you next week?"

"Sure."

He wouldn't, Hannibal had already decided.

Should this tasty morsel survive the bite, he would be too busy acclimating himself to the life of vampirism to spend time modeling.

Hannibal's keen eyes followed the young man's trip from the building, and found himself confused when he entered an alley a few blocks to the East. Following after, Hannibal was shocked to find no one in said alley, despite the fact that the boy had just entered.

"I *knew* I was being followed."

Hannibal whirled around, from where he was leaning over the roof ledge. Behind him, standing perfectly at ease, was 'Graham'.

"You should probably shield your emotions better. I could sense you from miles away."

Hannibal's surprise must have shown on his face, because the young man nodded. "I'm a vampire. What are you, if I may ask?"

Hannibal's smile was especially charming. He was trying to dazzle this stunning young man.

"That would explain the quick movements and the sudden desire to lick you," the man admitted.

"I'd like to lick you as well."

"Among other things, I'm sure. I'm Will."

"Hannibal."

Will's face scrunched up. "Like the guy with the elephants?"

Unable to stop smirking, Hannibal nodded. "He's an ancestor."

Will nodded. "Good to know. And just so you should know, I'm not dinner."

“How can you be so sure? You’re just a human, admittedly a gifted one, but still only human.”

“Don’t think you have the upper hand simply because you’re a vampire and *you* think you’re prey is a weak human. That’s how people die.”

It was said with such conviction and a blank stare, that Hannibal had to stop and consider. “What if I wanted more?”

“You haven’t even taken me out on a date yet. I think not.”

Will turned and stepped off the roof, causing Hannibal to looked over in worry.

But the young man landed easily, as if he didn’t just fall over fifty feet.

The boy’s words rang in his ear. ‘*You* think you’re prey is a weak human.’

He wasn’t human.

Eyes following the young male’s departure, Hannibal could only wonder.

And he was suddenly *very* much interested in Will Graham.

Pulling out his mobile, he dialed the first number that came to mind.

“Bedelia, find me anything you can on Will Graham of Baltimore.”

A/N: The first is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram and Spacedogs fics!

See ya! :D

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End Notes

How was it?

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!